

ramatic



Mr. Crane ends his most charming engagement tonight. His presentation of "David Harum" will remain with us as one of the delightful memories of the season, and no one need be surprised to read in future seasons, that Harum has taken its place as a permanent fixture in our stage literature, along with Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," Thompson's Joshua Whitcomb or Stoddard's Lachlan Campbell. Certainly nothing that Mr. Crane has ever attempted in the course of his long and distinguished career ever fitted him as Westcott's hero does, or it might be more just to say, no actor before the public today could have put the breath of life into David Harum's nostrils, and made him stand forth from the pages of Westcott's story, such a living, breathing creature as Mr. Crane has done. To bring forth such a vivid realization of an author's ideal is the act of a very wizard in the art of mimicry, and if we need a fresh assurance of Mr. Crane's high attainments as an artist, it is furnished by his work in this play.

Mr. Crane's presence revives the memories of his 12 years' association with Stuart Robson, an association that saw the birth of "Our Boarding House," "Our Bachelors," "Sharps and Flats," and "The Henrietta," which was written for them. Their revival of "The Comedy of Errors" in which they played the twin Demions, too, belongs to that period of over 20 years ago. The news of Robson's death reached Crane while he was playing in San Francisco, and it greatly affected him. He gave the newspapers some warm tributes to Robson's memory, which showed that the deceased actor had held a high place in his affections.

One of the stories told of Robson and Crane was scattered broadcast a great many years ago. They were playing at a theater in Chicago, and Nat Goodwin was playing at another, just a block and a half from them. Louis James is never happy unless he is getting up a practical joke, and he happened into the dressing-room where Crane and Robson were seated one day. They suddenly walked on to the stage, where Goodwin, facing the audience did not see them come on; marched down, took each an arm of Goodwin, called out with the solemn squeak in unison: "Welcome, dearest brother!" and as quickly left. Goodwin was staggered, and the audience, concluding there was more to come, kept calling for Crane and Robson for a long time. In the meantime they had stolen back to their theater, and were seated calmly smoking when a breathless newspaper man rushed in. The joke was still on the newspaper men for Crane and Robson jointly denied having been out of their own house, and the reporters were afraid to say they had been seen on the Goodwin stage. It came out, of course, a few days after. Nat retaliated on them after, and it was such a successful advertisement that actors are still doing it to one another. It happened only the other night in New York.

Salt Lake has always had a tender spot in her memory for E. H. Sothern, not only because he is the son of his famous father, but because of the delighted theatergoers of the last generation, but for his own notable achievements in "Chumley" and "Capitain Lettichin." He was seen here nine years ago, and since those times not a year has elapsed that he has not mounted a new round on the ladder of fame. The past two seasons he has attained special eminence in his new play entitled "If I Were King," in which he appears here next week. His picturesque and romantic impersonation of the vagabond-post-hero, Francis Villon, in Justin Huntly McCarthy's play, has made a deeper impression than anything he has ever done, except, perhaps, his "Hamlet," which we are not to have the pleasure of seeing on this visit.

Mr. Sothern brings his entire production and complete organization here direct from New York. The company is one of the best traveling, and includes, besides the star, Miss Cecilia Loftus, the actress who was taken to London by Sir Henry Irving to play Marguerite in his production of Faust. Other prominent people in the company are Rowland Buckstone, son of the famous original Buckstone, Wm. Harris, who played Napoleon here in Madam Rhea's production of "Josephine," Fanny Durt and many others.

Owing to the heaviness of the production, the curtain will rise at 8 o'clock sharp, and for the matinee, at 2.

Tonight the Grand closes what has been its most prosperous week, with the production of "Eva," by Messrs. Warren Jones & Hammer have this week pulled back into their treasury a good share of the money they sunk in their laudable desire to educate their patrons up to a taste for Shakespeare. They are no longer posing as educators, however, and next week they will take a still further plunge away from Shakespeare, by presenting "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Herman, we note, is to be given a rest, and the characters in the play have been arranged as follows: Miss Roberts will appear as Eliza and Mrs. St. Clare; Mr. Barton as George St. Clare; Mr. Harlow as the Auctioneer; Mr. Foster as Phineas Fletcher and Gumption Cate; Mr. Barry as Haley and Simon Legree; and Mr. Crouse as Deacon Perry. The "Eva" will be picked from local talent.

"Uncle Tom" will be seen every night next week, with the customary Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

"Company Number Two," representing "Uncle Tom," will be seen at the Salt Lake theater, in order to receive the very largest stage room possible for the actor and the very largest number of quick exits from the house for the audience. The date will be early in June, and the Press club is now constantly receiving the direction of Mr. Culmer. Needless to say the lines of the original play are not being strictly adhered to, in fact very few of them have survived the blue pencil.

In order that the company may get

some idea as to the manner in which the legitimate presentation is staged and acted, they have accepted the tender of a couple of boxes at the Grand on Monday night as the guests of the Warde company.

The Press club believes that after the performance next month Mrs. Stowe's stirring drama will be permanently withdrawn from the boards.

The cast is as follows: Uncle Tom, John D. Spencer; Ophelia, B. S. Young; Eliza, Alan Love; Harry (a child), T. R. Black; Eva, John Critchlow; Topsy, J. T. Goodwin; Marka, E. C. Penrose; Phineas Fletcher, Geo. E. Carpenter; Legree, A. W. Copp; Walter, Joel L. Priest; auctioneer, Capt. Milt Barrett; slaves, cotton pickers, pickaninnies and vaudeville performers.



Scene from E. H. Sothern's Magnificent Production of "If I Were King."

THEATER GOSSIP.

Walter Perkins is doing William Collins "On the Quiet," with success in San Francisco.

Our old friend Rebecca Warren, appeared as Juliet in the new revival of "Romeo and Juliet" last week in Toledo. She gained immense praise from the critics.

Historical accuracy is a pet hobby of E. H. Sothern, and an interesting touch in "If I Were King," is the introduction of a Scottish guard, as body attaches of King Louis XI. For many centuries soldiers of Scotland were defenders of the persons of the Kings of France.

Few theatrical seasons pass by without more of the new plays. Miss Amelia Bingham produced last season in New York a play which has attracted most attention in this respect. It is "The Climbers," which will be presented at the Theater on Thursday, June 25.

Miss Margaret Anglin, of the Empire Theater Stock company, will sail for Europe on June 2 and will meet Mr. Charles Frohman in London, according to arrangement. Her plans for next season will then be determined. This disposes of the rumor that she will accompany Henry Miller to Salt Lake.

New York was astonished last week by the announcement that Blanche Walsh, who was always supposed to be a single woman, had planted suit for divorce against her husband, an Englishman named Hickman, now playing at the Bijou theater. The marriage took



The coming week is to be a notable one in Salt Lake's history, and it is pleasant to note that around the central event of the week, President Roosevelt's arrival, is gathering a big cluster of musical happenings. The five bands of the city, held's, the First Regiment, Fort Douglas, Hauerbach's and All Hallow's are putting themselves into the best possible trim for the big parade. Unfortunately, the brief time at the president's disposal will not allow an elaborate musical program in the tabernacle, hence the big choir will not be heard. Miss Ramsey is to sing the thrilling patriotic selection "The Flag Without a Stain," just prior to the president's address, and as the assemblage breaks up, Prof. McClellan will render the "Star Spangled Banner," whose soul stirring effects are always intensified when heard on the grand organ, and will be doubly intensified by the presence of President Roosevelt.

On the evening of the same day, Friday, Miss Emma Ramsey will make her formal debut in Salt Lake. Her concert will be given in the Tabernacle and she will be aided by the Tabernacle choir, and by Prof. McClellan at the organ. Readers of the Salt Lake newspapers need not be told of the success Miss Ramsey has achieved abroad. Berlin, Paris and London papers all united in sounding her praises after her appearance in those cities, and the London Musical Courier said: "Miss Emma Ramsey, the young American singer with a beautiful mezzo soprano voice, sang recently with much success. Her voice is of excellent quality, rich and full. She should soon make a name in the musical world."

The German Times gave another good notice.

"At the Philharmonic hall, Miss

place secretly a number of years ago, but no word of it has ever leaked out.

Geo. Primrose said the other night at the farewell performance of Primrose and Dockstader's minstrels: "Don't let the public think I'm an old man or that I've quit the theatrical business. Nothing of the sort. I've quit minstrelsy, but I'm going to stay on the stage. What am I going to do? Oh, I'm not ready to tell my plans just yet. But I'm going to keep before the public."

Our American Irving, Richard Mansfield, is still to the fore, at his old tricks and still compelling recognition. When Mansfield was struggling—I fancy Mansfield considered it a week struggling—a little group of ac-



Scene from E. H. Sothern's Magnificent Production of "If I Were King."

tors were gathered and the conversation turned on nationality.

"What nationality are you, anyway?" asked one of these of Mansfield.

"I'm half English and half starved," he replied.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared at the Margaux Grand Theater in Portland a few weeks back in "The Joy of Living," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "Aunt Jeannie." In spite of the unwarranted advance in prices, the management drew large houses. Mrs. Campbell refused to go on in "Aunt Jeannie," but an appeal by Charles E. Loitan to Charles Frohman is said to have brought out the answering telegram. "If Mrs. Campbell refuses to play 'Aunt Jeannie,' close the door and bring the company to New York immediately." Upon receipt of this command the play was presented.

Salt Lake, like most of the western cities, gets many of its very best things in the spring and summer. It is especially true this year, for this week we have W. H. Crane in "David Harum," next week E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King," and the following Monday and Tuesday, June 1, and 2, in the Salt Lake Theater, we are to greet Henry Lawrence Southwick, in his dramatic recitals of "Richard III." and "Richard III." Their late arrival is easily accounted for, because these men of note are in such demand in Boston and New York during the winter season. Dean Southwick will furnish a fitting climax in this series of comedy and tragedy and in his scholarly and artistic presentation of these two masterpieces of literature, the "highest note" will not be wanting.

Ramsey met with instant and pronounced success. She has a voluminous voice of vibrant quality, rich and full in the lower registers, and even and pure in the higher. She phrases with intelligence and taste, and quite succeeds in making one feel the mood of her songs. One never doubts her musical sincerity. It is safe to predict for her early rank with our very best American singers.

In order that she may be heard to full advantage she has chosen a wide range of selections. Musicians will be charmed with her program, which will be printed early next week.

"As to salaries," said Comeld, the new director of the Metropolitan opera house in an interview the other day, "M. Jean de Reszke wants \$4,000 a performance for 20 performances, and in addition a contract for his brother Edouard for 60 performances at \$700 each. I have offered M. Jean \$2,500 a performance and I have told M. Edouard I shall not want him if M. Jean does not come. I haven't heard from M. Jean yet."

Speaking of over-long operas, the London Truth remarks that "Few now living have ever heard in England a complete performance of Rossini's 'William Tell,' for the senior Frederick Cye used to declare that after Tannhauser or Wachtel had sung 'Suvvel-Moi,' the audience took the hint and followed the tenor out of the building. 'Les Huguenots,' which is probably longer even than 'Gottschammer,' has also never been performed in its entirety in this country, not even in the past, when the opera house almost habitually remained open until between 1 and 2 in the morning."

The piano recital which was to have been given by Miss Genevieve Ellerbeck in the theater, has been changed to the Congregational church, and will occur on Tuesday evening next. She will be assisted by Miss Planders, Mrs. Plumber, soprano, and Prof. Radcliffe, organist. Mrs. Plummer will sing three numbers, Prof. Radcliffe will play

once, and the remainder of the program will be given by Miss Ellerbeck, assisted in two numbers by Miss Planders. The program is an ambitious one, and will include the famous Sonata in (Appassionata) by Beethoven, Chopin's Fantasia 13, and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 12."

On Wednesday evening the Conservatory of Music gave a musicale at its new home, 22 South Second East. A similar program is rendered every Wednesday from 8 to 9 o'clock, and friends of the institution are welcomed by Dr. Brodbeck.

Clara Louise Kellogg, one of the famous sopranos of the world a quarter of a century ago, now Mrs. Carl Strakosch, is visiting Boise with her husband, and will soon come to Salt Lake. In a recent interview with a reporter, Mrs. Strakosch said:

"We are living in seclusion now, and music is largely a thing of the past with me. In our home in New Hartford, at the foot of the Berkshire hills, where the Kelloggs have lived for nearly 200 years, we are secure from the world's turmoil, which comes to us only in dreamy whispers."

"Any girl with voice, talent and determination can win a place in music here as well as abroad, though than at portunities there are greater than at home. With us music is a luxury. We have short operatic seasons and comparatively few opportunities to hear the world's great artists. Abroad, music is a part of everyday life. You breathe it with the atmosphere, as it were. So many American girls are studying in Europe."

"Yes, and you are responsible for a large number of them," interrupted Mr. Strakosch. "Just think of what she has to answer for!"

"Nonsense," responded Mrs. Strakosch. "I have revealed his identity. This he has done to assure himself that the acceptance was through merit and not because of his personal prominence. His poems are said to be much like all else that emanates from the man—breathing a high spirit of thought and feeling."

Particularly is this true of the Passion—a work which the Bach choir produced in 1901 and with which it is perfectly familiar."

Prof. McClellan is justly proud of his program souvenir and he proposes being present at the next festival to be held in April, 1904.

Held's hand will give the usual Saturday concert this evening on upper East Temple street.

Prof. C. D. Schettler leaves next Wednesday for Europe, to devote most of his time while abroad to studying the cello; he will return with his brother Herman, who has been studying the violin under Gustave Hallander. He has been invited by the International guitarists' league to attend the next convention to be held in September, which is considered a high compliment. After the convention, there will be a meeting of all the soloists to arrange for a grand concert; and as there is seldom

more than one member for each foreign country present, the invitation to Mr. Schettler is made the more flattering.

A prominent local musician advises that the following features be adopted in the new Presbyterian organ: a "Quintedina" stop for the choir organ—a soft, mysterious and sweet sounding reed of a peculiar character; tone; the same, only one of more robust character, in the swell organ; a vox celeste for the swell organ—a stop of an ethereal tone and of pure organ character; a vox humana in a double swell box, that is, a swell box within another, greatly enhancing the diminishing and crescendo effects; in fact every one of the keyboard organs should be placed by itself, and the pedal box should be concave and radial. This last enables the performer to reach easily any pedal without "jumping" over the seat. It is also advised that the solo organ be given a wind pressure of 14 inches.

E. H. SOTHERN, The New Poet.

E. H. Sothern has already won fame as an actor, an author and an artist. During the past few months he has surprised even those who best know the studious and poetic bent of his mind by the success he has gained as a poet. Of late Mr. Sothern has written a number of poems which he has sent to leading magazines under a nom-de-plume. These, without exception, have been accepted. Upon notice of their acceptance he has revealed his identity. This he has done to assure himself that the acceptance was through merit and not because of his personal prominence. His poems are said to be much like all else that emanates from the man—breathing a high spirit of thought and feeling.



E. H. SOTHERN, Who Appears Here in "If I Were King."

The following poem was written by Sothern during the recent successful run of "Hamlet" at the Garden Theatre, New York, and appeared in the New York Herald of Sunday, February 21. It was suggested to Sothern by certain psychological studies of Hamlet's character and motives, and was also

such. "I made it a rule never to give a girl false encouragement. Even now, at my home, they write, waiting to come and have me hear them sing, and tell them what I think of the song. I always tell them just plainly, my opinion of their prospects. It would be cruel to lead a girl to believe she was fitted for the concert or operatic stage when her talents lie in another direction. Perhaps not one in a thousand of our girls who go to Europe for study are ever heard of. Many voices are spoiled in the making, and others give the teacher no foundation. You cannot become an artist by following set rules, though I have met many ladies who seemed to think all they needed was a formula or a recipe. They apparently wanted to make a career for themselves as they would a mine pit."

The coming of the noted organist, Mr. Lemare on June 1, is to be a red letter day in the local musical world, and his playing is looked forward to with intense interest. It is not often that great organists from other parts visit this city. Once in a while only a Frederick Archer, a Clarence Eddy, or a Dr. Watts comes this way, and their appearance here is always an event to be noted. As to Mr. Lemare's playing, Philip Hale, of Boston, one of the recognized musical critics of the country, says: "Mr. Lemare has studied assiduously his chosen art, and he gives pleasure even when his art to some may seem metrical. He has great facility, a fine sense of the musical world, and his playing is looked forward to with intense interest. Nor is it to be denied that he gains at times surprising effects as the result of his experiments in registration. He is not only a sensationalist; he is not a slave to exaggeration."

Louis C. Elson, another noted critic, remarks of the organist: "That Mr. Lemare is a phenomenal organist must be an axiom; he must have a long-fingered hand to produce some of the manual effects heard last night in Symphony hall, and his pedalling is certainly remarkable. Still more surprising was his brilliant registration, and his audacious yet thoroughly effective improvisation. His two Bach fugues were fairly ablaze with virtuosity. Altogether a brilliant concert and a phenomenal organ virtuoso."

We note with surprise, that the program of Mr. Lemare's recital does not contain his own Andantino (To my wife), heard here so often from Mr. Mc. The desire to hear how the author interprets his own composition is sure to be a general one, and the committee ought to induce him to substitute it for one of the other numbers. He is sure for 11 selections, two of them being original.

Prof. J. J. McClellan is in receipt from a friend at Bethlehem, Pa., of a program of the Third Bach festival, which has just been concluded in the well known manufacturing town. The program is 84 pages long, giving in full the events of the six days' festival, distinguished by the presence of five noted sopranos, three contraltos, four tenors and two basses from Philadelphia and New York, a Bach choir of 113 adult voices, organized in 1886; a boy's choir of 30 voices; a trombone choir of 12 instruments; and an orchestra of 61 performers. This fine aggregation gave a remarkable presentation of a number of John Sebastian Bach's greatest choral compositions.

Fifty hundred people were present at each performance, and the little city of Bethlehem, of 13,000 inhabitants, was at its wit's end to entertain the large number of strangers within its gates. In fact, worshippers of Bach were forced to "put up" in adjoining towns. An eastern newspaper critic says of the performance: "It is doubtful if the great Passion music was ever rendered more intelligently and with a more purely devotional spirit. In spite of some adverse criticism of the choir's work during the early part of the week, due largely to the fact that the critics themselves were treading on unfamiliar ground, it must fairly be admitted that Bach's inspired music is being sung here as it should have been received the approval of the great master himself."

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given a color to by his mishap of two years ago, when, from a sword thrust, he came perilously near losing his life. The poem is as follows:

MINE ENEMY.

By E. H. Sothern.

By day, by night, by land, and sea,
I've ever known that we must meet;
I and my awful enemy.
Who does me, aye, with silent feet—
Who veiled face I never see.

His glance and mine have never met,
No word has passed of this chase;
He makes no sign, no sound and yet
A sudden stillness falls, and he
Breathes in my heart, "Do not forget."

Still day and night, by land and sea,
Through meadow and through market place,
O'er valley, mountain top and lea,
He follows me, sure and dreadful pace,
He follows me, and follows me.

Alone, or in the laughing crowd,
I've felt that icy breath of his,
I felt it as my truth I vowed,
I felt it in my lover's kiss,
My heart stood still, then beat aloud.

Christ! let me end this deadly fear,
End the mad chase of this chase,
Mine Enemy! If thou canst hear,
Come meet me—meet me face to face!
Hark! Something answers, "I am here!"

And now he stretches forth his hand,
I brace myself to meet the blow,
These lips that smile such love at me!
When a voice, tender, sweet and low,
Says, "Look on me and understand."

I raise my eyes! And this is he?
Mine enemy! whom I abhor!
These lips that smile such love at me!
Those eyes with pity brimming o'er!
That voice like some soft melody.

He smooths my brow with gentleness,
And wipes the tear stains from my cheek.

His touch is chill, yet nevertheless,
I have found something that I seek
To dull all pain and cure distress.

"Come!" and I feel his cooling breath,
The while he takes the life from me,
"Come where no mortal sorroweth!"
Far from the world and all its harms,
Peace dwells with me—my name is "Death."

"The sins which strength and honor steal,
Famine and plague and just and war,
And bloated greed, to which men kneel,
Drive them all stricken to my door,
Where I but comfort, soothe and heal."

"These are the ills of life—not mine—
After the turmoil of the world,
Defeat and victory, storm and shine,
The battle o'er, the banner furled,
Drink of my grateful agony."

And so he folds me to his breast,
My arms about his shoulders steal,
And thankfully I sink to rest,
Where all my wounds forever heal,
With this dear foe, who loves me best.

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"Le Gaulois" (Paris):—"A beautiful voice that has brought her the greatest success."

"Le Figaro" (Paris):—"Miss Ramsey achieved a great triumph."

"Deutsche Warte" (Berlin):—"A rich and mellow voice of remarkable range. . . . a great success."

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